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of the long mound, as I have not had opportunities for sufficiently examining the two or three known to exist. From what I have seen, and from tradition, I judge them to be connected with the noble "dead"—the "ani."

CALIFORNIA, OREGON, WASHINGTON.*

That province of Spain, known on the old maps as California Alta, was discovered in the year 1542, by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo. In 1697 it was granted, in common with California Baja, by Charles II, of Spain, to the Jesuits, in the hope that the disciples of Loyola might subdue by the cross those hostile tribes the colonists had failed to subdue by the sword.

But these men, though nominally the possessors of the country, never entered upon their labors within its proper limits. True, they had several stations in California Baja, and there had in a great measure ingratiated themselves into the affections of the aboriginal races, and partially accomplished their mission of civilization. The edict for their banishment from America, however, was signed, and in 1769 they were totally banished from the soil which, by their energy, wisdom, and foresight, had been made habitable for a superior race.

In the same year, Spain took military possession; but, not unmindful of the religious welfare of the natives, sent with her armies into the new country many priest-missionaries of the Franciscan order, who settled at the military presidios, and established the first churches in the wilderness. In this way the missions of Monterey, San Diego, etc., were commenced. By 1798, eighteen of these missions were in full operation, confined almost entirely to the coast and the coast valleys—it being the policy of the fathers to withdraw the tribes from their hunting and fishing grounds, and collect them at such convenient centers as would best promote the objects in view.

These objects appear to have been to bring the native tribes under Christian instruction,

and to train them to agricultural and other industrial pursuits. For this purpose the very best sites were selected, combining fertility of soil, facilities for irrigation, and access to some harbor or landing place for the exchange of such products as the good of the several missions might require. To carry out those objects, something like force is said to have been resorted to. When the prospect of gratuitous supplies from the teachers failed to bring in the tribes, forays are said to have been made upon their villages by the soldiery, (always kept by each mission for its protection,) by which hundreds of men, women, and children, were driven in like captives within the mission enclosures, where they were summarily baptized and indoctrinated into the mysteries of the Roman faith. This, however, was but going out into the highways and hedges, and compelling them to come in, and was in perfect keeping with the spirit of their church, and with their modes of proselyting savage and heathen tribes both on the Asiatic and American continents.

It must be said, however, that the fathers of those missions were apparently worthy and devoted men, pursuing their work with the good of the savage tribes in view. They have left behind them many monuments of their industry and piety, their forethought, and their good taste. The size and style of their cathedrals, most of which still survive; the number and arrangement of the houses for the Indians; the extent and excellence of their improvements in agriculture and horticulture; in orchards, vineyards, groves of olives, and shaded causeways—some of which are, to this day, the best in California—all sustain their reputation for intelligence, and private and social worth. While they had control, the missions they established seem to have been kept to their legitimate objects.

But a change came over them. This occurred in 1824, when California became a province of Mexico, and the missions passed from the superintendence of the Spanish to Mexican priests. Then, from spiritual, they gradually became purely secular. The padres became proprie-

* An Address, read before the American Geographical and Statistical Society, by the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, of Newark, N. J., on the 26th March, 1857.

tors, and the Indians were herded and trained, not so much to become Christians, as to catch and flay wild cattle, and dry their hides for Boston traders. Everything of a purely missionary character went speedily to ruins, and the missions, as such, ceased to exist; though the mission buildings, and the immediate premises, comprising the orchards and vineyards, are still claimed by the Roman Church, and constitute no small portion of its prospective wealth in that State.

And not only the missions, but the whole territory of California, seems to have declined during the few years of Mexican rule. Revolution succeeded revolution, till public insecurity became so great under the Mexican governors, that there was a readiness on the part of the people to strike for independence. And this would undoubtedly have been accomplished, but for the conquest and subsequent purchase of their country by the United States.

Thus it appears that the country had been in the possession of the Spanish race for nearly 300 years, and under the fostering care of the Roman Church for nearly 150 years. Long before the Pilgrim Fathers had landed on the bleak shores of New England, that fair land, of which the early navigators were lavish in their praises, was opened to the enterprise of the most wealthy and powerful maritime nation of the world. But how slowly, almost imperceptibly, did civilization break in upon the darkness! how long, but in vain, its mountain forests invited the axe, and its broad prairies the plough of the settler! How long its bays and rivers were disturbed only by the canoe of the savage, save only as some adventurer from regions less inviting entered the gate of its great harbor, and wondered at its solitude!

But while that land reposed so quietly in its beauty, the wild Indian still gathering the grasshoppers and acorns of the valleys for his food, the English colonies on the eastern shore were rapidly springing up into life and maturity. Under a stormy sky, in an unbroken forest, upon a stony soil, amid far more powerful and hostile tribes, and suffering under poverty and

pestilences unknown on the Pacific, the few exiles of 1620 were founding an empire, the glory of whose industry, intelligence, liberty and piety, no less than of wealth and power, should eclipse that of Spain itself. True, New England was nearer the Old World, and had the advantages of immigration and commerce. But why did not Mexico, and even Florida, with superior advantages of climate and soil, keep pace at least with the country north? True, also, that since the occupation of California, the discovery of gold has been the occasion of its rapid and unparalled growth. But the history of that country, from the time of its conquest and possession by our countrymen, down to the discovery of gold, proves that even without that extraordinary stimulus it would have rapidly become populous, wealthy, and great. It also proves that the difference between its development for two centuries and a half previous, and ten years since, has not been so much a difference of circumstances, and of the spirit of the age, as a difference of the people who have been in possession, and of the institutions, civil, educational, and religious, under which the people have been reared, and by the spirit of which they have been and are inspired.

For it is a fact not generally known or appreciated, that after the occupation of that country by our forces, San Francisco, then called *Yerba Buena*, began at once to give signs of new life. As the Roman arms everywhere carried Roman laws, customs, letters, and civilization, so our own conquest was but the forerunner of our institutions. Down to that period the town had been merely a port of entry for an occasional whaleship that touched there for wood and water, and a few merchant vessels that brought "Yankee Notions" to exchange for hides and tallow. It consisted of a one story adobe Custom House, and a few scattered tenements of the same material, without streets or enclosures, having no reference, apparently, to any growth in the future, and having no higher importance than as an embarcadero for the missions three miles south. There was, indeed, a fort at the entrance of the harbor, but it was of

ancient structure, and had long since gone into disuse and decay. The whole aspect of the place was of the most unpromising and forbidding character, as though the people, so long in possession of the territory, had overlooked the magnificence of the harbor, and not even dreamed of its importance to the future commerce of the world. Indeed, as if blind to any wants of the fair Territory whose larger rivers had but that one outlet to the sea, and whose vast valleys must send down their future products through that outlet to distant markets, they had established the Capital at Monterey, and concentrated their wealth there, and invited commerce there, where access was difficult to the agricultural valleys, and whose only anchorage for vessels was an open bay exposed to the sea!

But what the Spaniard and the Mexican had failed to see, or seeing, had failed to appreciate, was seen and appreciated by the American at a glance. The conquest of the country was followed immediately by signs of improvement. The spirit of speculation commenced even among the officers of the army and navy, many of whom by their wise forethought laid the foundation of independent fortunes, in purchases and grants of the sand hills and mud flats of the miserable town of Yerba Buena. It was not long before the town was surveyed and laid off, and the name changed to its present more pretentious and commanding title. There was very little business at that time in the Territory to build up rapidly a place of importance. No one expected a rapid growth. No one could predict by just what resources a commercial town was there to be created and sustained. But two facts encouraged them. First, the Territory was now American, and second, American enterprise would not long leave so fair a land uninhabited, nor so magnificent a harbor unimproved. *Faith in the future* was a sufficient stimulus, and the town began at once to assume some form and size. A few American traders soon ventured to open stores there. This attracted attention and created a coast traffic. This, in its turn, stimulated to some

extent agriculture and the mechanic arts. These created demands that could only be supplied by vessels from abroad. Thus a beginning had been made, which though small was indicative of an importance in the future, of which the race that had held possession more than 200 years had never conceived.

The growth of the place was principally by sea, though a few families had already found their way thither over the plains. Some who had in previous years strayed over the desert, and tented in the Territory while it was a province of Mexico, now repaired to the only town that was in fact American.

Many soldiers, too, of the regular and volunteer armies had remained in the country after the conquest, where occasional, if not constant, employment afforded them the means of indulgence. Of the early accessions to the population by sea, the most numerous, though not the most promising, was a ship load of *Mormons*, who landed there from New York in 1846, under the leadership of one *Samuel Brannan*, who is now one of the most wealthy men in the State. The colony consisted of about 200 men, women and children, who were seeking a home on the Pacific, and whose designs were partly missionary and partly political. It is not generally known, though it is probably true, that their design was to plant a Mormon Church and a Mormon Commonwealth at the same time, and so unite with their brethren, already in Utah, in consummating their dreams of a "New Jerusalem," not in the valley of the Mississippi, but on the shores of the Pacific. The evidence of this is not positive; but it is certain that the company started thoroughly armed, and added to their armory all the weapons they could purchase at Honolulu, where they touched on their way. But whether such were or were not their ambitious designs, they settled down quietly at San Francisco as citizens when they found the country in the possession of our forces. And there they remained until the discovery of gold in 1848 scattered them, in common with all other classes of settlers, into the river beds and mountain ravines.

Down to the time of this discovery, the town had thus gradually increased, until it contained a population of about 400. There was no church, but there was a public school-house. There was no minister of the gospel, of any denomination, but the teacher of that solitary school was a New Englander, and a pious man, a New London graduate of Yale College, and once a licentiate of Andover, who opened his school daily with reading the scriptures and with prayer. There was no public worship except a small prayer meeting in a private room, but there was a Sabbath school in the school-house where children were taught the word of God. San Francisco was then a settlement of families, like the settlements of the West, and gradually there was growing up in the village the institutions of education and religion our people never fail to carry with them. And this settlement was of two years' growth only, under every discouragement, except the hope of an important though distant future, and without any greater stimulus to the energies of the people than was furnished by their own creative enterprise.

What a contrast this rising place of two years' growth presents to the Yerba Buena of the Spaniards and Mexicans, who had had possession of the bay and harbor for more than two centuries! How clearly it demonstrates, that without the discovery of gold, the progressive spirit of our people would have eventually established there a flourishing State.

Thus San Francisco had begun to be, had begun to grow, had begun to promise a great future before the discovery of gold. And I have dwelt upon it longer than it would deserve, were it not that the facts are not generally known. Moreover, we are now better prepared to trace the results of that discovery, which was the great event in the history of the city and the State.

The first effect, however, of that discovery, was to depopulate the city. Everybody that could get away, even women and children, left for the region of gold. A few only remained, who were shrewd enough to look into the

future. But the village was not long deserted. Vessels that had been despatched to Oregon, to Mexico, and to the islands of the Pacific, for supplies, took the news everywhere, and with the supplies brought also a crowd of consumers. Immediately the deserted places were filled, and even tents, and cloth covered frames, and cowsheds, and ships' cabooses, were in demand for shops and stores. Everybody was on the move. Everybody was in a hurry. Everybody was for himself. Once in the world's history, everybody was getting rich. No one was in want. No one stole from his neighbor. No merchant took in his samples at night. It was the millenium of money-makers. And yet the crowded town was a second *Babel*.

It was during this confusion of many tongues, and haste of many races, that my acquaintance with the town was first formed. It was in the fall of 1848, the year of the discovery of gold. Perhaps 1,000 people were domiciled under various coverings on the hill sides, and along the beach of the bay. But the place had not as many families as when its population was less than half that number. Not a wharf reached out to deep water. Not a steamboat disturbed the bay or rivers. Except, possibly, here and there a chimney, not one stone or brick lay upon another. The school-house was empty; teacher and scholars had gone to the mines. There was no Sabbath, and no worship, except to about thirty of the people, who, for two or three Sabbaths, had met to hear the English service read by the captain of an English brig then in port. This was before authentic news of the gold discovery had reached the Atlantic States, and four months before the first mail steamer entered the harbor, bringing the first of the immigration that so rapidly made us a people and a State.

From that period the growth of the city and the whole country was rapid beyond all precedent; and it continued to be so until competition in every department of labor and trade made both comparatively unproductive. Yet during this growing period, no country ever suffered such losses by fire and flood. Five or

six times were the business portions of San Francisco reduced to ashes. Yet each fire improved the appearance of the city, which now numbers from 50,000 to 60,000 souls. Sacramento, 100 miles to the north-east, was twice burned down, and thrice submerged. Yet it presents to-day a beautiful front, with a population of 15,000, and ranks second in size and business in the State. Marysville, fifty miles further north, successively struggled through the same destroying elements, and survived them in beauty and prosperity. Stockton, a city of 5,000 people, 100 miles east of San Francisco, on the San Joaquin, also suffered severely and repeatedly, yet grew steadily in beauty and permanency.

Still more did the mountains suffer—no important settlement escaped; yet from conflagrations that would have annihilated the towns of some countries, and disheartened an ordinary people, they have risen from their ashes greatly improved. Such are Nevada, Placerville, Grass Valley, and Auburn, each as populous and active, and buoyant, as if the fire had never scathed them. Such, also, are Shasta and Yreka, in the northern portion of the State—the latter having come up from complete ruin, to astonish every traveler with its fifty fire-proof stores of brick and iron. Perhaps no other people has shown such a degree of energy—an energy displayed as well in the building and rebuilding of cities, as in the turning of the mountain streams, through 1,000 miles of canals and ditches, and honey-combing the mountain slopes in search of veins of quartz and beds of gold.

But *who* are this people? Perhaps the most heterogeneous ever drawn together. Probably no one State in our Union so largely represents every other. From Maine to Texas, and from Florida to Iowa, there is scarcely a town, or neighborhood even, that has not contributed one or more to that strangely mixed people. Of *foreign* element, there is the variety of the great West, within the narrower compass of a single State. Added to these, are some of nations little known, and seldom seen upon the

Atlantic shore. Of *Germans, French, and Irish*, we have about the usual proportion. Of *English* there are less, and of these the *Cornish* are mostly in the mines, and working, as usual, under ground. Of *Jews* there is an unusual number, engaged almost exclusively in the *clothing* trade, which in many places they monopolize. A mining or a laboring Jew would be a prodigy. Such, also would be a Jew who kept either our Sabbath or his own. Of *Spaniards*, we have a remnant of the colonists from Mexico, and of their half-caste Indian descendants, who are scattered over their government grants, caring little, as formerly, to improve their farms, and living idly on the sale of their large estates, or on the increase of their flocks and herds.

These grants have been, from the first occupation of California by our people, the great drawback to the settlement of the country, involving all titles in uncertainty, and embarrassing the whole agricultural interest with the slow and doubtful decisions of the Land Commission on the one hand, and the fraudulent claims of forging land speculators on the other.

To these Californians there must be added, as belonging to the same family, a large number of *Sonorans*, who are engaged mostly in mining, though many are employed as muleteers of the large pack-trains which are extensively used in conveying merchandise to remote mountain districts, and which only a mule can reach. They are, perhaps, the worst class of the whole population—a horse thieving, murderous clan—against whom the Americans in their vicinity have more than once united, either for the purpose of self-defense, or their expulsion from the country. Like the Californians, they are universally addicted to gambling, and are guilty of a vicious or a useless life. Like them, also, they are devout *Romanists*—and with them and the great majority of the Germans, the great body of the French, all the Irish, and a few renegade Americans, (proselytes by marriage,) constitute the strength and wealth of that Church upon the Pacific Coast.

A very different class, however, are the *Scotch*

and the *Welsh*. Almost invariably, these are industrious and reliable citizens, thrifty and useful, wherever found. The Scotch are not numerous. The Welsh are more so, and far more clannish. They are almost always found in communities by themselves, whether in the cities or in the mines. They are a sober and a religious people, but in everything *intensely national*. They must trade at a Welsh store. They must employ Welsh laborers. They must have a Welsh meeting on the Sabbath, and a protracted meeting at any time—though the best and busiest mining time—whenever a Welsh preacher makes the tour of the mountains, searching for the scattered Welsh sheep.

In this respect they are very like a large settlement of *Moravians* I found on one of my tours in Oregon. They were a colony of farmers from one of the border Western States, who, on emigrating to the valley of the Willamette, took with them their mechanics, their store keeper, their teacher, doctor, and preacher, so having the complete furniture of a community by themselves. And there they settled in the same neighborhood, built their own church and school-house, and employed their own mechanics, physician, and preacher. They were a fraternal band, and had no need of a *lawyer*. They were a community *by themselves*, which was and is their greatest fault, though friendly to other settlers and other Christians, and well spoken of by those around them. They exhibit, nevertheless, some of their old missionary spirit, and their churches are called, as usual, by the name of the "Church of the United Brethren." I know of none of this people in California.

Of *Asiatics*, I have seen, now and then, a few *Hindoo*s. But they have been a strange plant that has been cast upon the shore, not to take root. The return wave has borne them away again to their own shore. So, also, of one crew of *Japanese*, who drifted across the Pacific in a junk, and were picked up on our coast in an emaciated and almost lifeless condition.

But not so the *Sandwich Islanders* and the *Chinese*.

Of the former, there have been several hundreds, perhaps 1,000, at a time, scattered in small companies over different portions of the middle and northern mines. Understanding their language, I have repeatedly preached to them in various parts of the State. For several years I gathered them every six months at such places as would best accommodate them, preaching to them, conversing with them on personal religion, and administering the sacrament to the Church members: 125 of them were thus together at a meeting once held in Sacramento. From them and from Americans I learned several facts most interesting to the friends of that mission. Of these I can mention but one or two.

Wherever enough of them were together for social worship, they observed the Sabbath religiously, meeting in some cabin or in some booth-chapel erected for the purpose. Having brought their bibles and hymn books with them from the Islands, one of their number would read a portion of Scripture, and exhort the company, he and the others uniting in prayer and song, and conducting worship in a manner every way worthy and appropriate. And this they did of their own accord, and in the midst of the camps of the most ungodly Americans. Even some pious Americans, having no place of their own, have been known to repair to the camp of the Hawaiians to escape the noise and revelry of their own settlements, and to catch the *spirit* of a worship, the words of which they could not understand. What a spectacle! A company of converted idolaters, but few of whom were church members, yet devoutly keeping the Sabbath and worshipping God on the mountains of California, while the noise and revelry was breaking in upon them from the camps of our own countrymen!

A traveler told me the following incident:—He had lodged a night in their settlement, having been kindly and hospitably entertained by them with the best thing they had. On the following morning, when walking out to a retired place in the forest, his attention was arrested by a low but earnest voice of prayer.

He was surprised and pleased, and his curiosity led him to trace it to its source. He discovered there, behind a tree, an Islander *pleading with God!* Said both the witnesses to the above facts, "say what the enemies of that mission may, and pronounce as they do, that mission a failure, that alone which I witnessed of that people in California was enough to convince me that the mission has been a *glorious success.*" Those that were not Church members, and some who were, may have fallen, following the example of the multitude by whom they were surrounded. I do not hesitate to say, that as a class, those professing religion stood as firmly and lived as consistently in the midst of temptation as most of their brethren from more favored lands. Certain I am that their simple piety, and their worship of God under difficulties, put to blush many a member of our eastern Churches, who, in early days, pleaded peculiar embarrassments of position as an apology for an unholy life.

But few of them now remain. Deaths and return to the Islands have greatly reduced them, and will, ere long, remove them entirely from our shores.

But what will become of the *Chinese* is a problem of more difficult solution. Of this peculiar people there are about 30,000. They are found almost everywhere, and everywhere they are *Chinese*—peculiar in their appearance, dress, habits, and faith. Everywhere they live in communities by themselves, though occasionally employed in families as house or field servants. Though heathen, they are usually industrious. As traders they are shrewd; as miners they are patient and successful; as gamblers they are inveterate and desperate. They seldom appear at the police or criminal courts, yet in their way, and among themselves, they are notoriously immoral. Of the many hundreds of females, there is not, probably, an exception to their profligacy.

Everywhere they celebrate their national holidays, their neighborhoods or encampments cracking merrily for days together, with the explosion of innumerable fireworks of their own

national manufacture. At their funerals they observe their idolatrous rites, burning perfumed or holy paper over the grave, and depositing food upon it for the use of the dead.

They usually leave China in companies, under certain Chinese employers, for whom they work while in the country. In connection with these companies are charitable associations, to provide for their sick and destitute. By these companies also very many of their dead are shipped to China for interment, so sacred to them is the soil of their native land, and so strong is their reluctance to be left in the soil of the *barbarian!*

In one of their public buildings they have, of late, instituted *religious worship*. The hall is furnished after the style of their pagan temples, and the rites and forms are like those of their idolatrous home. The images within the chancel, the candles burning before them, the priest or priests with robes of various and showy device, the prostrations, the attendance of boys in robes, tinkling their bells and waving their burning censers, are forms and rites so evidently Buddhist in their origin as to impress every beholder with the strange and solitary fact, that on the American Continent, and in the United States of America, the Asiatics have actually dedicated one temple of idolatry! Yet so closely in many things do these ceremonies resemble those of a Roman Catholic Cathedral not far distant, that the spectator might almost doubt whether he witnessed the worship of pagans, or of the proselytes of a certain sect of nominal Christians. Nor is it the first time we have been painfully impressed with the evidence of the *Pagan origin of Papal rites*, though it is the first time we have been taught the fact upon our own shores.

The Chinese are ineligible to citizenship. They are not even allowed to give evidence in a court of justice against a white man. The reason alleged is, that they cannot comprehend the nature of an oath. However this may be, the law has proved most unfair and oppressive. Under it many robberies and murders have been committed by white men with impunity, be-

cause no amount of Chinese testimony could convict the guilty.

In two other ways, also, they have been grossly ill-treated, simply on the principle that "*might is right.*" In the *first* place they have not been allowed to work in *productive* mines, but only in localities whose yield would not pay an American. And if, by chance, they have struck upon a "rich lead," there have never been wanting white men mean enough to expel them from it. Repeatedly have they been driven from various districts, though in nobody's way, and interfering with no one's right. And yet, in the *second* place, for this doubtful privilege of working worn-out and abandoned mines, they have been compelled to pay a *large monthly tax*, under a foreign miners tax law. That law is not enforced upon other classes of foreigners. Moreover, it is clearly unconstitutional, the mines not belonging to the State, but to the United States. Still they submit to it because they must, and they make money under it because of their patient industry and the cheapness of their living.

The only plausible apology for such legal or illegal oppression is, that except some check be put upon the immigration, Asia will swarm upon the country from her crowded hive, and by cheapness and overwhelming numbers, seriously interfere with American interests and American free labor. There is here a practical difficulty, but, whatever it be, it should not be dishonorably solved. Thousands of them will remain in the State, and what use can be made of them, consistently with their rights as men and freemen, is a grave question for future solution. But whatever be the difficulty, nothing has yet occurred to justify the oppression, on account of which every true American in California has blushed for his country.

But while this treatment has done much to prejudice the minds of the Chinese against us and our institutions, it is a redeeming fact that the indignation of the good people of the State has been slowly, but surely, coming up to redress the wrong. In some instances they have been invited back to places whence they had

been expelled—though it is but just to say, however humiliating to our sense of right and honor, that *interest*, and not justice has done it; the Chinese *trade* being indispensable to the *merchant*, and the Chinese *tax* being indispensable to the County *Treasury*. On the other hand, it is a pleasure to state that a late Legislature repealed a law passed by its predecessor, of a most extortionate nature, providing for the gradual increase of the tax, so as to drive them altogether from the country. We believe that something more than the State Treasury influenced that repeal. More gratifying still is it to record the fact, that there are *two Christian missions* in active operation among them—a *Presbyterian* at San Francisco, and a *Baptist* at Sacramento. Both are sustained in part by the Christians of California, and both are useful. A paper is also published weekly at San Francisco, supported partly by our own people, and partly by Chinese merchants.

Christian philanthropy is thus looking to their conversion to the truth, and to their advance from semi-barbarism to complete civilization. At the same time, a wiser and more humane political economy than has hitherto prevailed, is looking to their usefulness in the cultivation of rice, sugar, and tea, for all of which the State has ample and suitable lands, and with the production of which they are acquainted.

Without a doubt, their coming among us was designed of God for the good of their vast empire. A considerable commerce has already resulted from their residence on our coast, and the interchange of products must increase the intermingling of the races—an intercourse which cannot fail of enlarging their thoughts, and preparing them for the proper appreciation of our civil and religious institutions.

Of our *Negro* population, we are glad to say we have *no slaves*. But we regret to add, that they are *not freemen*. Like the Chinese, they are denied the rights of suffrage, and of giving testimony in the Courts. The State, however, does not forget to *tax* their property, of which they hold no inconsiderable amount. They

live mostly in the cities. It is said, but with questionable justice, that they are more than usually dissipated and vicious. Certain, however, it is, that they have several churches of various denominations, and maintain, without aid, several preachers, both in the cities and in the larger mining towns. They number from 5,000 to 8,000 throughout the State.

A hopeful sign of their improvement, both in character and position, was a Convention held last year at the State capital, with a view to petition the Legislature to remove the disabilities under which they feel degraded. A hopeful sign of a more just and generous feeling toward them on the part of the citizens, was the permission allowed them to assemble, and, without interruption or opposition, to carry out their plans. This was before the political campaign, the result of which has been to prepare the way still more for the redress of their wrongs.

Of the *Indians*, there are from 30,000 to 50,000 still surviving, though fast disappearing—a miserable remnant of the *Diggers*, one of the lowest of the tribes on the continent. They approach the level of the Hottentots, living in underground huts, only the roof of which appears above ground, covered with earth. From one side of this roof a small opening lets the occupants down backwards on their hands and feet into their one smoky and squalid apartment. They appear, however, to have some ideas of a Great Spirit, and to have some rites by which they recognize His government, and and manifest their fears. In common with nearly all the tribes on the Pacific Coast, they have a common sweat house, into which, when it has been heated, they all enter and swelter; and out of which, when exhausted by perspiration, they rush into the river or the sea! This is their great panacea for all diseases, though it is undoubtedly one of the principal causes of their debility and premature death.

The United States' Government has made commendable efforts to collect the scattered tribes upon reserves, and with some success. But the Indian is ill at home out of the woods,

and within enclosures. His wild instinct not unfrequently breaks from the restraint, and takes him to his old haunts, to taste once more the fish from his native stream, or the flesh from his native hills; or, as a treat, to gather from the plains and the groves familiar to his boyhood, the bitter mansanita and the delicate grasshopper!

In one of my meetings with the Sandwich Islanders in the mountains, a number of these straggling red men gathered curiously around, to observe our proceedings. I could not but notice their inferiority to the half-civilized Hawaiian. Nor yet could I resist the conviction, that the child-like curiosity and delight with which the savages looked upon the few picture books and papers I presented them, might, by the same culture, be elevated into sufficient intelligence to make them men, and save their souls. As yet, however, no one has attempted their instruction, though it is in contemplation by some of the government agents, to establish a school in connection with each reserve.

The Indians both north and south of California, appear to be superior. Especially at the north, they improve in manliness, both in physical and mental development, all the way to Puget's Sound, and even to the Russian Possessions, where they are both numerous and formidable.

But all over the Pacific Coast their doom is sealed. Liquors, epidemics, and wars, are fast sending them to the long home of the Atlantic tribes. The waves of immigration are settling in upon them from both oceans, and they must ere long be overwhelmed. Pressed upon all sides, they can find no resting place but beneath the sod. But there will be some dying struggles, and revenge will sometimes quench its thirst with blood. And many a settler will lie down with his murdered family, or flee from his burning tenement and desolated fields, before the Pacific Territories will have settled peaceably upon the graves, and over the hunting grounds of the perished tribes. But the day hastens, though we could hail it with more pleasure, as lovers of the world's progress, were

there no innocent blood crying against us unto God.

Of *our own people*, it is enough to say that they are *Americans let loose*. How better could I describe a fast people? They constitute the great majority of the population, and are at once the glory and the shame of the land. They are responsible principally for the character and reputation of the country. Foreign influence has indeed been considerable, and foreign capital has been largely invested, but American influence has been dominant, and American enterprise and energy have directed and controlled. The haste to be rich has been desperate, the wreck of character has been fearful, but the amount of work accomplished within the time has been altogether without precedent. The results astonish even an American accustomed to the growth of the West.

But in the haste and waste, good has not been unmixed with the evil. Some of the world's best people have there mingled with many of the world's worst. And the very surroundings that have shaken the principles of some that had previously stood firm, have established the principles of others, for whose firmness there was less hope. Moreover, the tendency of all things has been to make a *strong* character, either for good or for evil, so that the energies of the people have been developed intensely in either direction, according to their character.

Our charitable, educational, and religious interests, therefore, have not been lost sight of. Indeed, our progress in all these, among a people so absorbed in worldly pursuits, especially among a people non-resident, because not intending to remain, but whose home, and whose interests, and affections, and hopes, are all *elsewhere*, is, perhaps, the most remarkable feature of our strange history. Few cities can boast of better common schools than San Francisco. And the same system has been successfully introduced into other cities. Beside these are many private and select schools, and several higher and collegiate schools for both sexes, all in successful operation. Some of these, in Ore-

gon, as well as in California, are even now, though so young, aspiring to the rank and standard, as well as to the title, of a *University*. Of charitable and orphan asylums, there are several, with permanent buildings, all supported by voluntary contribution, except the State Lunatic Asylum, at Stockton. Every large city has its Mercantile and Mechanics' Library Association, and its Young Men's Christian Association, each with its library and annual course of lectures. Masonic, Odd Fellows', and Templars' Halls, are open in every important town.

Of churches, we have several that would adorn any city in the Union. Eight years and a half ago I was the only preacher in the State, and occupied a school-house for a church. Now, nearly thirty congregations assemble every Sabbath in San Francisco alone. Other cities, and even the most of the mountain towns, are relatively as well supplied. Though the Sabbath is still the great day of trade and pleasure in the mountains, it is not so in the cities below. There, public opinion, in advance of a law, has closed most places of business, and given to the streets the appearance of a home Sabbath. Yet, even in the mountains, church spires are lifting themselves among the pines, and church bells are echoing to each other through the valleys and over the hills.

Though our prisons contain more criminals than our State can afford to keep, and more are at large than are confined; and though the factions of evil men become occasionally so formidable as to require the combination of all good men in self-defense, and justify them even to usurp authority, and violently put down the villainy; yet, to the most casual observer, the improvement of the State has been constant in all that underlies the prosperity of any people. The haste to be rich is greatly moderated. Immorality is not so unblushing. Public gambling is suppressed by law. Political corruption is not so dominant. Public sentiment on all moral questions is improving. And, what is more important than all, as supplying the great want of California, *the population is more permanent*, and

homes of beauty and contentment, no less than schools and churches, are everywhere springing up to adorn and bless both the present and the future.

Having thus spoken of the *manner* in which the land was peopled, and of the *races* which occupy it, it remains to allude briefly to the *land itself*.

The *area* of California is nearly equal to that of all New England, New York, and Pennsylvania. Its surface, however, is largely mountain and desert. That portion which lies east of the Sierra Nevada Range, and bordering upon Utah, New Mexico, and the Colorado, is nearly all a barren waste. For all available purposes, it might as well be given to the Mormons or the Indians; but to the west, and between that range and the Coast Range and its branches, repose in beauty and grandeur, those great and small valleys that are at once the riches and the hope of the State. These two ranges, and their spurs, constitute the mountains of California. Their main course is parallel with the coast. Between the two, on the north, and on a spur of the *Sierra Nevada*, almost isolated from both, rises up the grand and solitary *Shasta*, piercing the sky with its silvery cone, *three miles high* above the level of the Sacramento, at the head of which it stands, and down the whole length of which it pours its ever melting snows. Except this, the highest peaks of the Sierra do not exceed 10,000 feet. The *Coast Range* nowhere exceeds 8,000 feet—usually not 4,000. *Snow* is always visible from some of the peaks of both, and within a day-light's travel of the valley cities—a refreshing, yet a tantalizing sight to the dweller or the traveller, when wilting under the heat, and choking with the dust of the plains below.

Of the mountains, very few, if any, give evidence of any *volcanic origin*. There are many more indications of the action of water than of fire. The nearest approach to the result of igneous action is seen in the *Buttes*, near Marysville, in the Sacramento valley. A small pile of dark and rocky hills, with sharp and ragged peaks, separated twenty-five miles from either

range of mountains. Steam has been said to issue at times from *Shasta*, but no reliance is placed in the report. It is certain that within the memory of present inhabitants, or in any record now to be found, there has been no living volcano.

Yet of warm and even *boiling springs* there are several, some of which, as those in Napa Valley, north of San Francisco, and those near San Jose, to the south, are places of great resort for invalids and seekers of pleasure. The most remarkable of these springs are the *Geysers*, north of those in Napa, and a few miles south of Clear Lake, where, in the bed and upon the banks of a mountain creek, and within an area of ten acres, a hundred springs (more or less,) boil up over the surface, some through fissures in rock, and others through soil. They are of various colors as they are impregnated with iron, or soda, or sulphur, or with two or more combined. I tasted all these different waters within a circle of a few rods. I also saw one fountain flowing with a blue mud, and another with clear and colorless water not two feet from it. They are of different degrees of temperature, some only tepid, while others flow at boiling heat. Eggs were furnished me at the hotel which I boiled in one of these fountains.

The steam issuing from them is considerable, especially in the early morning. From one place, which I attempted in vain to reach, it issued with the noise and volume of an ordinary steamer blowing off at a wharf.

With these springs should be mentioned several cold and sparkling *soda* springs, in various parts of the State, the waters of some of which are bottled and sold in our markets.

Beside these are several *salt* springs, both in the northern and southern part of the State, from which our markets are now supplied. Connected with one in Shasta county, is a feature both unique and useful. From the swamp lands in the vicinity, there bubbles up constantly an *inflammable gas*, which the proprietor has contrived to collect and to appropriate as *fuel* for the manufacture of salt.

There are, also, what are vulgarly termed *tar*

fountains, or more properly fountains of *asphaltum*. One of these I have visited. They are very sluggish in their movement, almost as imperceptible as the growth of a plant. But they do flow, oozing forth with the consistency of tar, and having its smell and appearance. The fluid hardens on exposure, and in its hardened state is taken to market, where some use has been made of it in the manufacture of gas. It burns like Cannel coal. In its fluid state, it is used somewhat by teamsters and others, who, in passing, may have occasion to tar their wagon wheels.

Of *lakes*, we have but two or three of any magnitude. *Tulare Lake*, at the head waters of the San Joaquin, is only about fifty miles long, narrow and shallow, it being but the sink of the valley, into which flow the surplus winter rains, and a few small streams that have no other outlet. It is the Dead Sea of California, though not salt, and is supposed by some to be the source of the Artesian wells in San Jose valley, which have attracted so much attention both for their number and their volume of water.

The other is *Clear Lake*, in Napa County, a small but beautiful sheet of water, about twenty miles in length, in a wild and secluded district in the northern coast range, but in the heart of some of the best dairy farms in the State.

There are also two or three smaller ones far up among the crests of the Sierras, which the miners have seriously contemplated tapping as reservoirs for mining in the higher hills.

Of *rivers* there are many. The most important of these are the *Colorado*, on the south-east border, emptying into the Gulf of California, and the *Sacramento* and the *San Joaquin*, with their tributaries, draining the great valleys of the same names, and emptying near each other in *Suisun Bay*, the innermost of the three great bays that connect the heart of the country with the sea. All of these, like the smaller western rivers, are navigable for steamers of greater or less tonnage for several hundred miles.

To the north are Russian and Eel rivers, and

the Klamath, not navigable, and emptying directly into the Pacific, flowing through some of the most beautiful farming land, and some of the wildest and roughest of the mining land in the Coast Range.

Of *bays*, the *Suisun*, the *San Pablo*, and the *San Francisco*, are the largest, which, in the order in which I have named them, are the broad channels, like great lakes, through which the vast mountain ranges pour their streams to the sea. Beside these, are the *Humboldt*, 200 miles north of San Francisco, and the *San Diego*, 600 miles south, both beautifully land-locked harbors of several miles in extent; and the *Monterey*, 100 miles south of San Francisco—a large indentation, but exposed to the sea.

The *forests* of the country are mostly on the slopes of the Sierras. Over the foot hills are scattered stunted white oaks. But at an elevation of from 1,500 to 5,000 feet above the valley, the slopes sustain a heavy growth of pine, hemlock, and cedar. *South* of the Bay of San Francisco, the Coast Range presents an almost unbroken succession of naked and barren mountains, relieved but in few places by belts and crests of forest. *North* of the Bay these belts and crests become wider and more frequent as they approach Oregon, till they gradually cover nearly the whole country to the water's edge. Nearly up to the Oregon line, these coast forests are almost entirely "*red wood*," which is a species of cedar. *North* of that line they are nearly all *fir*, and continue such up to the limits of vegetation, beyond Puget's Sound. All over the country the valleys are more or less shaded and beautified by groves of *white oak*, with here and there a cluster of *live oak* lifting up their stately forms, and spreading far out their evergreen branches of shade and beauty. In some of the shore forests, it is not uncommon to meet with trees of large dimensions. In a deep and gloomy woods back of Crescent City, near the northern boundary, I met, every few rods, with trees eight and twelve feet in diameter, and towering up to a giddy height.

But these were saplings compared with the world-renowned "*Big Trees*" I afterward visited

in Calaveras County, on the slope of the Sierras, 75 miles east of Stockton. Of these there are sixty or eighty of various sizes, larger ones measuring from *twenty to thirty feet in diameter* six feet from the base, and stretching up 300 feet in height! They are a species undiscovered before, and are found only there. An American naturalist has named them the "*Gigantia Washingtonia*." The wood is soft and of fine fibre, and light pink color. It is almost imperishable. Two of the largest now standing have been stripped of their bark—one sixty feet up, and the other 100 feet. The bark was nearly two feet thick, and was taken off in small sections and marked, so as to be set up by means of wire, and exhibited in the Eastern States and Europe, as the shell of a California tree. The trunk of one of them was thrown down, after it was stripped, by means of parallel two inch bores across it, made by four or five men, who were as many weeks in accomplishing it, and who succeeded at last in overthrowing it, only by means of wedges driven into the bores! The top of the stump, six feet from the base, and without the bark, measures twenty-five feet. It is solid throughout. Having been adzed level, and enclosed in an arbor, which opens into a public house, it is used as a floor for cotillion parties. I have been on it, and measured it. More than 2,000 rings have been counted in it. *It was a tree of 200 years' growth when Christ lived upon earth!* One other, called the "Monarch of the Forest," is now prostrate, having burnt hollow, and fallen a long time ago. It measures 110 feet in circumference at its base, and must have stood 400 feet in height!

Undoubtedly, these trees are the greatest vegetable curiosity in nature. Every admirer of the grand in the works of God, will rejoice to know that the soil that bears them is now owned and protected, and the vandalism that has already destroyed two of them, will destroy no more.

Of the valleys, the largest are the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, which join at their base, and present an almost unbroken plain of 400 or

500 miles in length, and of width varying from twenty to sixty miles. This is exclusive of the wide slopes of the Sierras, and of the Coast Range, which are broken by deep gorges cut by the streams; and the whole surface of which is extremely rugged and uneven.

Beside these valleys are many others—some of them large, beautiful, and fruitful, varying in length from ten to eighty miles, and in width from one to ten. Add to these innumerable smaller ravines, and vast tracts of hill country covered with wild oats, in both ranges, and along the whole length of the State, and we have a valley and hill surface for grazing and cultivation, equal, at least, to the Empire and Key Stone States, and capable of sustaining as large a population.

The products of these valleys, both in grains and vegetables, are already widely known. All the ordinary vegetables grow luxuriously, and to an extraordinary size. Grains are grown, equal in size of kernel and quantity to the acre, to those in the best portions of the West—corn excepted. At times, unheard of crops have been gathered, the record of which would seem fabulous. The vine is especially productive, the fruit being uncommonly rich and large. The State could easily be made the vineyard of America. Fruits of all kinds are remarkably fine, especially the pear, the peach, and the apple. The flavor of that on the Atlantic slope may be richer, but in size and appearance it looks contemptible to one fresh from the orchards and fruit stores of California and Oregon.

Of the wild and uncultivated plants, I will mention but one—the soap plant. It is a bulbous plant, and grows to about the size of an ordinary beet. Its remarkable quality is indicated by its name. This is in the bulb, which, when rubbed in water, produces an abundant lather. I have seen native California women using it in their weekly washing, as dependent upon it, and as satisfied with it, as though there was no other soap known. It grows wild and abundantly.

Of wild beasts, we have what is not found in

the East—the mammoth *grizzly bear*. I have seen one said to weigh 1,500 lbs. There are also found the *panther* and the *wild cat*, while the slopes and plains abound with deer, elk, hare, and antelope. In their season, wild fowl are counted by the acre.

Of the *mineral resources* it is not necessary to speak, its gold fields of 500 miles in length, and sixty in width, being acknowledged to be the richest in the world. There is, however, but little silver, lead, or copper. But of *quick-silver* there is in Santa Clara County alone a supply for the world. The *profits* of the New Almaden mine alone are said to be \$1,000 per day! And there are others, as yet unworked, the product of which must eventually make this useful article both abundant and cheap.

Of gold mining it should be remarked, that it is every year changing its character. As the gold in the streams and on the surface is exhausted, the resort is to the hills, following the quartz leads, or tunneling for deep and hidden deposits. This requires capital, so that mining is passing yearly from individuals to companies, and from hand to machinery. This will eventually make it more and more a monopoly of capital, and change the position of the poor from that of proprietors to that of laborers.

Of the *climate* of the State, it may be said in general terms, that it is its chief attraction, it being vastly milder than that of the same latitude on the Eastern shore. But the climate of the coast varies materially from that of the interior. The *wind in summer* is from the northwest—raw, shivery, and often laden with *fog*. It rises during the forenoon, and soon puts the warm morning into chills, so that an overcoat and a fire are often comfortable in the afternoon and evening of July and August. But this wind is soon moderated by the sun, so that in the valleys of the interior it becomes only a refreshing breeze, to make their great heat endurable. It prevails from April to October, or during the heat of the interior, and is produced by the heat, which, by rarifying the air, creates a current from the colder sea—cold because of the tides which set down from the frozen north.

The prevailing *wind of winter* is from the south-east. This brings the welcome and reviving rains, which, from October or November, till April or May, are divided into the early and the later, as in Palestine. Except on the high mountains, the cold is never intense. It seldom freezes on the coast. Gardens are cultivated all the year near San Francisco. The thermometer seldom falls below 20° above zero in the mountain towns, while even there most of the winter is open and pleasant. Yet the snows are heavy on the high mountains, and are the unfailing supply of the streams during the long, hot drought of summer.

Long and hot, however, as the summer of the interior is, the mornings and evenings are delightful, and the nights are cool. With occasional exceptions, blankets are comfortable, and sleep is refreshing, after the hottest days. This is a great compensation—better than a thunder shower, or a New England north-easter.

The drought of summer is usually about five months long, during which period there is seldom a shower to relieve the heat and dust. But while the grass withers, and the ground bakes and cracks with thirst, the trees retain their verdure, and the crops mature, both of grass and grain. Haying is in May, and harvesting in June; and, owing to the absence of rain, mowing and reaping, and gathering into barns, are performed by the farmer at his leisure, and without alarm to himself, or peril to his crops. Grain, after it is cut, is usually left standing for weeks in the field, and there threshed and bagged for market in the open air.

But there is a liability to failure in the crops, both of grains and vegetables, except where the farmer can irrigate his fields. This liability is owing to the occasional failure of the winter rains—a calamity which has been known to befall the country for three successive winters. This has been the case to a great extent of late, in the southern portion of the State. The result has been, the starvation and death of thousands of cattle, and the failure of all the crops not sustained by irrigation. The country

therefore, will be subject to famines, until, by canals from the never-failing streams, and by artesian wells, and windmills, the means of irrigation, which are abundant, shall supply, when needed, the place of rain. And this system of irrigation would not only secure crops on land which did not usually require it, but would also redeem a vast quantity of rich land, both in the valleys and on the slopes, which, on account of the drought, is now useless.

Vast tracts of wild oats grow up to the Coast Range, the dry tops and the fallen grain of which afford the best of pasturage when the grasses of the valleys are brown and withered. Then the mingled brown, and green, and yellow, both of the hills and valleys, present a most singular, yet beautiful appearance, and from any hill top, present a view scarcely less lovely than when the whole is robed in the beauty of spring.

To this spring beauty the *wild flowers* give the sweetest charm. They abound everywhere, and are of every hue and form, from the modest violet to the gorgeous poppy. In the season of flowers, few countries offer so many attractions to the florist. Nowhere have I seen *cultivated* flowers reach such perfection. The rose especially, that queen of flowers, blooms there in her glory.

Of *Oregon* and *Washington* I have no time to speak, though a whole lecture might profitably be devoted to them. They differ not essentially from California either in soil or climate. In *area*, Oregon is smaller, but Washington larger; and the latter is larger than all New England, New York, and New Jersey. In *surface* they are equally mountainous, but have less desert. Like California, however, they are divided by two parallel ranges of mountains, the Coast Range and the Cascades. These wall up large and beautiful valleys, and send down through deep chasms, and over wide plains, and into large bays and sounds, or directly into the sea, precipitate mountain torrents, or placid and navigable streams.

On the east of the Cascades are the ranges of the Blue and Rocky Mountains, enclosing a

vast wild country of rolling hills, and abounding in powerful and hostile tribes of Indians, and in innumerable wild horses, cattle, game, and beasts of prey.

Both Territories are better wooded and watered than California, and are better adapted to agricultural pursuits. The valley of the Willamette, in Oregon, is decidedly the best on the Pacific Coast. It is about 125 miles long, and fifty miles wide, including the slopes of the Cascades, and of the coast, which are arable to their tops.

Both Territories have loftier and greater mountains and *nobler rivers*. The Columbia that in part divides the two, though navigable for a less distance than the Sacramento, presents to the traveler scenes of mingled beauty and sublimity far superior—indeed some that are inferior to no other. For grandeur, nothing can excel the pallisades and towers, and frowning battlements, and piercing fir-capped cones, and dashing rapids, and plunging waterfalls of the *Dalles* and the *Cascades*.

Oregon lacks good harbors; the shifting sands of the bar of the Columbia, and the heavy breakers rolling and raging over the channel during several months of the year, as well as the fogs that frequently shut out of view the land marks and buoys, rendering its passage uncertain and hazardous, except by steam.*

But *Washington* has safe and accessible anchorage for the fleets of the world. *Puget's Sound* has few equals as a magnificent inland sea. Surrounded by dense forests which are only broken by rich and beautiful prairies, it reposes in the very heart of the Cascade slope, and by its easy entrance, its broad sweep of 200 miles from its mouth, its wide channels, its numerous inlets, which, with few exceptions, afford anchorage to the very shore, it impresses every traveler with its future importance. A tour through that country a year and a half since

* This is only partially true.—the surveys of Lieut W. A. Bartlett, U. S. N., having indicated the channel to be one adapted to the largest shipping, and safe at all seasons. Ignorance on this subject has probably tended to retard the commercial development of the adjacent countries more than any other cause.—*Ed.*

satisfied me that its great commercial importance was only a *question of time*.

The *climate* of both Territories is mild, though colder and wetter than California. The rivers sometimes freeze over, though only for a short time. Stock are never housed, though fed during a month or two in the winter.

Their *productions* are similar to those of California, except those of its southern and tropical portion. Both of them are *sparsely populated*—Oregon containing about 40,000,* and Washington 5,000† souls. The towns in both are small, Portland the largest in Oregon, containing less than 1,500, and Olympia, the largest in Washington, less than 400. Both countries are retarded in their growth by *hostile Indians*. Both suffer materially for *want of a market* for their produce—California being their principal outlet except for timber, some of which is sold in China and the East Indies. This is a serious drawback to the progress of the whole coast.

Both Territories have more or less of the *precious metals* of California, though to what extent is not yet known. Both have also what California has not—extensive *Coal* mines, of the richness of which we know but the beginning. Both, also like California, have an *important future*. Their development may be slow, but it will be sure. Already the foundations are laid there of education and religion, and of good law and commercial greatness. Churches, academies, and even colleges, are already there, and among a people *settled* with their children upon the soil. If the noble men now struggling there can preserve the liberties of the territory from the slavery plotters of the South, who are now politically active and dominant,‡ (and we believe they can) our very best institutions will be established there, to bless and enrich the millions that are yet to crowd those hills and vales.

* In 1853 the population by census counted 33,324, and in 1858, 42,862. In the same years the valuation of taxable property was \$4,578,033 and \$18,463,372. See "Journal" for Feb. 1859, p. 62.

† The census of Washington in 1853 gave 3,965 inhabitants.

‡ Active; but not dominant.—Ed.

In conclusion, I would say that the whole Pacific Coast promises well for its future population. The *position* of those great Territories, with their great resources, their splendid harbors, fronting on the world's greatest ocean, and over against the world's oldest and most populous nations, is indicative of their destiny. They are at present occupied by a race unsurpassed in general intelligence, energy, and ambition, while everything in the climate and the physical aspects of the country favors the production of as manly and vigorous a race as ever had committed to them responsibilities so great.

California has been called the *Palestine of the Pacific*. And the term has not been inaptly applied. In climate, soil, and productions; in the general appearance both of the hills and valleys; in the dews and rains and everlasting snows; in the wild flowers and fruits, and "the cattle on a thousand hills," as well as the seasons that divide the year, there are resemblances that impress every traveler that visits both. By the providential concealment of the gold till the land was in the possession of a Christian and Protestant people, and then by the discovery so rapidly peopling it, mainly from the *North* and *East*, and so securing it to *freedom* as well as to a pure religion, can we not trace the resemblance *still further*, and hope at least that it may also be a *Holy* land, whose chosen people shall, from their commanding position, go forth to *bless every other*.

ASTRONOMICAL POSITIONS.

At the monthly meeting of the Chicago Historical Society, held on the 19th April, 1859, the following latitudes and longitudes of places were announced by Col. J. D. Graham, as having been recently determined by him from Astronomical Observations, viz.:

	Lat. N.	Long. W. of Greenwich.
1. Chicago—Dome of Ct. House.....	41° 53' 06".2	87° 38' 01".2
2. Michigan City, Ind.— Top of a sandhill N.E. from R.R. Dpt. 41° 43' 25"		86° 54' 21".15
3. Waukegan, Ill.—The dome of the Court House	42° 21' 43".7	87° 50' 10".65